

By Request, here's
your Pin-up Baby,
A.B. MARSHALL



Oldest Police (H.Q. Wapping) Get New Weapons

THE oldest police force in Britain may shortly have new "weapons." They will be welded steel boats instead of the wooden craft which have served the Thames Division of the Metropolitan Police so well for many years.

In the course of their duties, the police boats, especially at night, when it is very difficult to avoid, come into constant contact with heavy debris. It is hoped that steel boats may be able to stand up to this better.

The new-type craft, which look very similar to those that have for so long been a feature of the River Thames, measure 30 feet from bow to stern, and eight feet across the beam, and are driven by Diesel engines.

Radio equipment aboard includes a transmitter, as well as a receiver, and each vessel will be equipped with a small searchlight.

This is quite an improvement upon the first boats that went into service with the Thames Division, for when formed in 1798, rowing boats were the only "weapons" they could use.

The Metropolitan Police, formed in 1829, although few people are aware of this fact, were born after the Thames Division—then known as the Marine Division—who had thoroughly established their claim as one of the most efficient services in the country, and when the Bow Street Run-

River Thieves were plentiful as rats till in 1798, the Marine Police were formed to check their activities. Here is something of their story told by COLIN WELLS

ners were still going about their duties.

Before the year 1796, goods to the value of half a million pounds were stolen from ships and wharves along the River Thames. The Government, realising the growing danger of thieves and crooks flocking to the docks when they heard of "easy pickings," did everything possible to reduce the opportunities offered to the gangs.

To some extent they were successful. Bands of rivermen, and other folk living by the side of the Thames, used to go out in the hours of darkness and track down the thieves.

Often fights took place, and when the crooks began to get the upper hand once more, and administered serious injuries to some of the citizens, the Government

thought it time to take a hand.

Thus, in 1798, the Marine Police, with their headquarters at Wapping, were formed. To this day the H.Q. stands on the site of the very first "dynamo" of the River Police.

To lead the River Police, a man possessing a good knowledge of the law, a great determination, and the ability to get the best out of those serving under him, was desired. The Government found just the right man in John Harriott, a well-known magistrate, who was put in charge.

The Judge, after carefully summing up the reports handed him by those who had been studying carefully the problem, went around Dockland enlisting the toughest law-abiding citizens he could find.

Every man was given definite instructions how to deal with the river thieves; given the opportunity to show his own ability as a police officer.

They were a great success. Within a year the Marine Police had reduced the pilfering and large-scale stealing by four-fifths, and the gangsters who fell into their hands were either hanged or transported.

To-day the River Police are known and respected by seamen from all parts of the world. They are ultra-efficient, know the peculiarities of the river and the folk who earn a living upon its broad stream.

Over 200 radio-equipped launches, which has resulted in the Division being given the title "Thames Flying Squad," are in commission, and the duties they perform are many and varied. Some, until the end of the war, will have to remain secret.

The public, who so often see these men in blue patrolling, little realise that they do many other things besides haul dead bodies from the river. The Thames Police have their own plain-clothes section.

During the blitz the police suffered heavily. They are proud of the fact that they are our oldest police force.

expression change from glumness to glee.

"I was all set for another piece of mayhem," he confided in his dressing-room between scenes one afternoon. "But no—this time the story was different. I am now playing a comedian instead of a heavy. Hamlet has turned Harlequin!"

FOR Rathbone, assuming the role of a frantic Broadway producer who invades a girls' school in a complicated search for his missing song writer, merely meant turning back the calendar some fifteen years. His film career, he remembers, was launched as a farceur.

"M.G.-M. sent me to Hollywood in 1929 after I had cavorted my way through a stage comedy called 'The Command To Love.' I made my film debut as a drawing-room dandy opposite Norma Shearer in 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyne.' That, seemed to work out all right, so I did a second farce with Ruth Chatterton. Then came 'David Copperfield.' That did it! From then on there was no time for comedy."

Until he appeared as the sadistic Murdstone in "David Copperfield," Rathbone had never tackled a heavy's role. By his own admission he "sweated out some anxious moments" before swapping his jester's garb for the villain's murky mantle.

Rathbone had reason for this gloomy observation. Manslaughter and mayhem had figured in almost every one of his characterisations since "David Copperfield." Even as Sherlock Holmes, that rigid upholder of justice in the end, Rathbone at times resorted to a pistol or cudgel. Not until he read the script of "Bathing Beauty" did his



Basil Rathbone—from custard pie to villain.

tion. For several hours the convoy of E.N.S.A.'s vehicles was surrounded by a surging crowd of children and grown-ups collecting autographs or souvenirs from the artists.

George Formby has written, and is now singing, a topical song for the lads in Normandy called "Rolling into France."

He sung his new song for the first time on the way over. With his ukelele and a "Minnie" piano as accompaniment, and with Beryl holding him firmly round the waist as an anchor, he soon had the boys singing.

Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

A BATCH of German prisoners assembled on one of the Normandy beaches rubbed their eyes with amazement when they saw a party of neatly dressed girls riding on top of a Sherman tank. The girls were part of E.N.S.A.'s first invasion contingent to land in France, and during the progress of disembarking had temporarily become parted from their travelling coach.

The contingent, which includes George and Beryl Formby, consists of six parties comprising 34 artists. They received a rousing reception both at their port of embarkation and on board the American ship in which they gave a combined concert for the officers and crew and troops from a famous British unit.

E.N.S.A. has also shipped across mobile stages and workshops, day and sleeping coaches for the artists, cinema projectors and vans for broadcasting gramophone records. The three mobile columns of entertainment are completely self-supporting.

Scenes of enthusiasm and excitement marked the arrival of E.N.S.A.'s first invasion parties at their port of embarkation.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Storm in a Tea Kettle

"GO on with your work," said the skipper, fondly stroking the maligned whiskers.

"Don't you talk to me, Jim Harris," said Mrs. Blossom, quivering with wrath. "Don't you give me none of your airs. Who borrowed five pounds from my poor dead husband just before he died, and never paid it back?"

"Go on with your work," repeated the skipper, with pale lips.

"Whose uncle Benjamin had three weeks?" demanded Mrs. Blossom darkly. "Whose uncle Joseph had to go abroad without stopping to pack up?"

The skipper made no reply, but the anxiety of the crew to have these vital problems solved was so manifest that he turned his back on the virago and went towards the mate, who at that moment dipped hurriedly to escape a wet dish-clout. The two men regarded each other, pale with anxiety.

"Now, you just move off,"

Concluding COOK OF THE "GANNET" By W. W. JACOBS

said Mrs. Blossom, shaking another clout at them. "I won't have you hanging about my galley. Keep to your own end of the ship."

The skipper drew himself up haughtily, but the effect was somewhat marred by one eye, which dwelt persistently on the clout, and after a short inward struggle he moved off, accompanied by the mate. Wellington himself would have been nonplussed by a wet cloth in the hands of a fearless woman.

"She'll just have to have her own way till we get to Llanelly," said the indignant skipper, "and then I'll send her home by train and ship another cook. I knew she'd got a temper, but I didn't know it was like this. She's

the last woman that sets foot on my ship—that's all she's done for her sex."

In happy ignorance of her impending doom Mrs. Blossom went blithely about her duties, assisted by a crew whose admiration for her increased by leaps and bounds; and the only thing which ventured to interfere with her was a stiff Atlantic roll, which they encountered upon rounding the Land's End.

The first intimation Mrs. Blossom had of it was the falling of small utensils in the galley. After she had picked them up and replaced them several times, she went out to investigate, and discovered that the schooner was dipping her bows to big green waves, and rolling, with much straining and creaking, from side to side. A fine spray, which broke over the bows and flew over the vessel, drove her back into the galley, which had suddenly developed an unaccountable stuffiness; but, though the crew to a man advised her to lie down and have a cup of tea, she repelled them with scorn, and with pale face and compressed lips stuck to her post.

Two days later they made fast to the quay at Llanelly, and half-an-hour later the skipper called the mate down to the cabin, and, handing him some money, told him to pay the cook off and ship another. The mate declined.

"You obey orders," said the skipper fiercely, "else you and me'll quarrel."

"I've got a wife an' family," urged the mate.

"Pooh!" said the skipper.

"Rubbish!"

"And uncles," added the mate rebelliously.

"Very good," said the skipper, glaring. "We'll ship the other cook first and let him settle it. After all, I don't see why we should fight his battles for him."

The mate, being agreeable, went off at once; and when Mrs. Blossom, after a little shopping ashore, returned to the Gannet she found the galley in the possession of one of the fattest cooks that ever broke ship's biscuit.

"Hullo!" said she, realising the situation at a glance, "what are you doing here?"

"Cooking," said the other gruffly. Then, catching sight of his questioner, he smiled amorously and winked at her.

"Don't you wink at me," said Mrs. Blossom wrathfully.

"Come out of that galley."

"There's room for both," said the new cook persuasively. "Come in an' put your 'ed on my shoulder."

Utterly unprepared for this mode of attack, Mrs. Blossom lost her nerve, and, instead of storming the galley, as she had fully intended, drew back and retired to the cabin, where she found a short note from the skipper, enclosing her pay, and requesting her to take the train home. After reading this she went ashore again, returning presently with a big bundle, which she placed on the cabin table in front of Harris and the mate, who had just begun tea.

"I'm not going home by train," said she, opening the bundle, which contained a spirit



"Maybe! But wait till you meet Doris, old man, she's different!"

kettle and provisions. "I'm going back with you; but I am not going to be beholden to you for anything—I'm going to board myself."

After this declaration she made herself tea and sat down. The meal proceeded in silence, though occasionally she astonished her companions by little mysterious laughs, which caused them slight uneasiness. As she made no hostile demonstration, however, they became reassured, and congratulated themselves upon the success of their manoeuvre.

"How long shall we be getting back to London, do you think?" inquired Mrs. Blossom at last.

"We shall probably sail Tuesday night, and it may be anything from six days upwards," answered the skipper. "If this wind holds it'll probably be upwards."

To his great concern Mrs. Blossom put her handkerchief over her face, and, shaking with suppressed laughter, rose

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Tamin is a kind of leather, star in the Great Bear, kind of cloth, spice, African religion, oath?
2. What name is given to the natives of Ceylon?
3. What bird is sometimes called the Barley-bird?
4. The American Declaration of Independence was made on what date of what year?
5. Queen Victoria was proclaimed "Empress of India"

in: 1836, 1846, 1856, 1866, 1876, 1886?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Erg, Joule, Poundal, Ohm, Litre, Ampere, Volt.

Answers to Quiz in No. 541

1. Fill up a hole.
2. Alfred the Great.
3. About 500.
4. By parading in the streets with the first umbrella, which aroused the hostility of the sedan-chair men.
5. Great Titmouse.
6. 20 is not expressible by a single letter in Roman numerals; others are.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



STRONG support has been accorded Dutton Whirlwind for the Waterloo Cup, which takes place in February.

Last year Mrs. Dewar's dog was second favourite in the long odds betting, when he became ill and was unable to compete.

At Altcar, 10 to 1 was accepted about his chance for this year's event, and although none of the leading layers are advertising prices yet, it is very likely that when they do Dutton Whirlwind will be favourite.

Heaven forbid that I become a blackleg tipster, but there is a strong feeling for this hound.



BOB HOPE has "suspended" his studio, and says he is the first actor in Hollywood to do so.

That is not the way Paramount Studios put it, however; they announced they had suspended the comedian for failure to report for work on a certain Monday for a picture.

"If somebody will suspend the war I'll be happy to start another picture," said Hope. "Two months ago I came back from the South-West Pacific—tired (his troupe travelled 30,000 miles and gave 150 shows for American troops).

Just now, I have been in Toronto, New York, Akron (Ohio), Chicago and Tope (Kansas)—all war-benefit appearances.

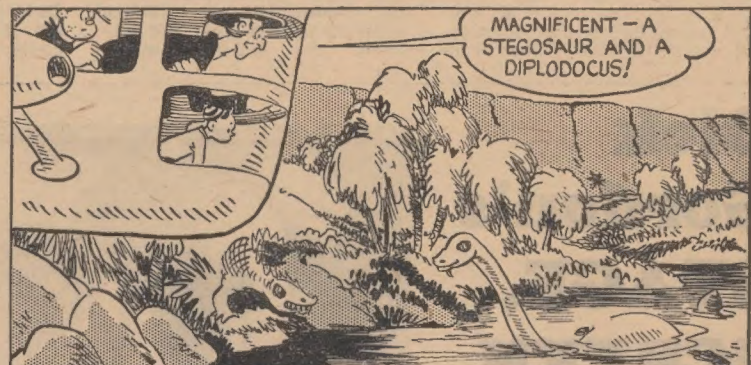
"Next month I will do six more shows in various parts of the country. I have ten telegrams asking me to do others at various Service camps along the way. Those things are important; there are thousands of kids waiting there. With a programme like that I just haven't the time to make another picture.

"My doctor advised me to take it easy. So I asked the studios to release me until the first of the year. They are suspending me? No, I have really suspended them. It will give the country a nice rest."

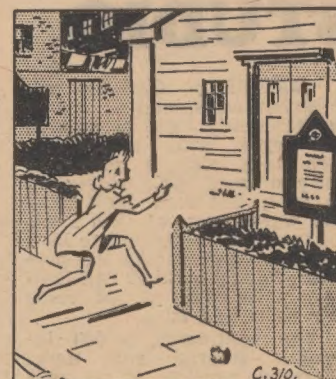


"FOR cryin' out loud," hissed the burglar as he stuffed the sponge in the baby's mouth.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—481

1. Put an organ in LN and acquire knowledge.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make four articles of clothing: ROTACOVE, RESTSURO, KISSGNOCT, NUDEGEARS.
3. In the following five English rivers the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 25742, 2647, 867, 87A5, 277S.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 480

1. Story.
2. CAMEL, BULLSEYE, FUDGE, TOFFEE.
3. Eastbourne, Seaford, Southend, Bournemouth.

JANE



COOK OF THE "GANNET"

(Continued from Page 2)

from the table and left the cabin.

The couple left eyed each other wonderingly.

"Did I say anything pertier funny, George?" inquired the skipper, after some deliberation.

"Didn't strike me so," said the mate carelessly; "I expect she's thought of something else to say about your family. She wouldn't be so good-tempered as all that for nothing. I feel cur'ous to know what it is."

"If you paid more attention to your own business," said the skipper, his choler rising, "you'd get on better. A mate who was a good seaman wouldn't ha' let a cook go on like this—it's not discipline."

He went off in dudgeon, and a coolness sprang up between them, which lasted until the bustle of starting in the small hours of Wednesday morning.

Once under way the day passed uneventfully, the schooner crawling sluggishly down the coast of

Wales, and, when the skipper turned in that night, it was with the pleasant conviction that Mrs. Blossom had shot her last bolt, and, like a sensible woman, was going to accept her defeat. From this pleasing idea he was aroused suddenly by the watch stamping heavily on the deck overhead.

"What's up?" cried the skipper, darting up the companion-ladder, jostled by the mate.

"I dunno," said Bill, who was at the wheel, shakily. "Mrs. Blossom come up on deck a little while ago, and since then there's been three or four heavy splashes."

"She can't have gone overboard," said the skipper, in tones to which he manfully strove to impart a semblance of anxiety. "No, here she is. Anything wrong, Mrs. Blossom?"

"Not so far as I'm concerned," replied the lady, passing him and going below.

"You've been dreaming, Bill," said the skipper sharply.

"I ain't," said Bill stoutly. "I tell you I heard splashes. It's my belief she coaxed the cook up on deck, and then shoved him overboard. A woman could do anything with a man like that cook."

"I'll soon see," said the mate, and walking forward he put his head down the fore-scuttle and yelled for the cook.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered a voice sleepily, while the other men started up in their bunks.

"Do you want me?"

"Bill thinks somebody has gone overboard," said the mate. "Are you all here?"

In answer to this the mystified men turned out all standing, and came on deck yawning and rubbing their eyes, while the mate explained the situation. Before he had finished the cook suddenly darted off to the galley, and the next moment the forlorn cry of a bereaved soul broke on their startled ears.

"What is it?" cried the mate.

"Come here!" shouted the cook, "look at this!"

He struck a match and held it aloft in his shaking fingers, and the men, who were worked up to a great pitch of excitement and expected to see something ghastly, after staring hard for some time in vain, profanely requested him to be more explicit.

"She's thrown all the saucepans and things overboard," said the cook with desperate calmness. "This lid of a tea-kettle is all that's left for me to do the cooking in."

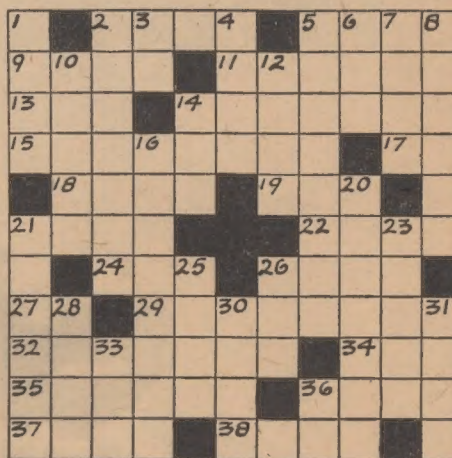
The Gannet, manned by seven famine-stricken misogynists, reached London six days later, the skipper obstinately refusing to put in at an intermediate port to replenish his stock of hardware.

The most he would consent to do was to try and borrow from a passing vessel, but the unseemly behaviour of the master of a brig, who lost two hours owing to their efforts to obtain a saucepan of him, utterly discouraged any further attempts in that direction, and they settled down to a diet of biscuits and water, and salt beef scorched on the stove.

Mrs. Blossom, unwilling perhaps to witness their sufferings, remained below, and when they reached London, only consented to land under the supervision of a guard of honour, composed of all the able-bodied men on the wharf.

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Pluff.
5 Cothed.
9 Emerald Isle.
11 Stick.
13 Reptile.
14 Narcotics.
15 Glasses.
17 First-class.
18 Kicked.
19 And so on.
21 Curve.
22 Additional.
24 Moisture.
26 Presently.
27 Supposing.
29 Small box.
32 Darker.
34 Attention call.
35 Vegetables.
36 Group of cattle.
37 Watched.
38 Uttered.

TAPER FUMED
ELIXIR PARE
ELK BIG NIP
SUET NUANCE
D WAKE E N
BEFOG STRAD
R A NOTE C
ARCHER GRUB
WOT SAC EMU
LOOM LADIES
STRAY BONNY

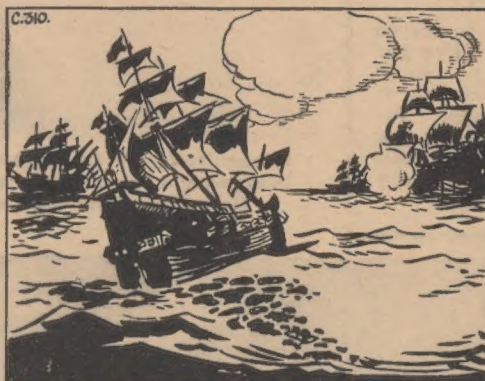
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Obligation. 2 Gem. 3 Dealing with. 4 Scruff.
5 Disciplines. 6 Allow. 7 Region. 8 Want. 10 Itinerary. 12 Grievous. 14 Former. 16 Adorned.
20 Dressed. 21 Table game. 23 Derisive smile.
25 Wagon. 26 Melody. 28 Rage. 30 Headland.
31 Isle of Wight town. 33 Notice. 36 Shout.

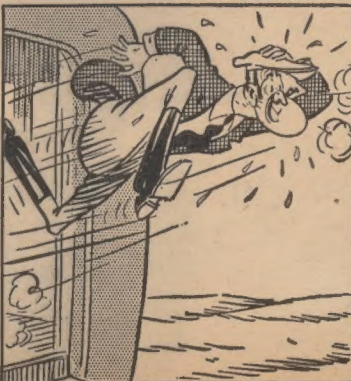
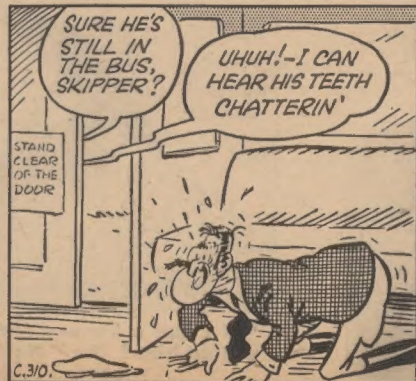
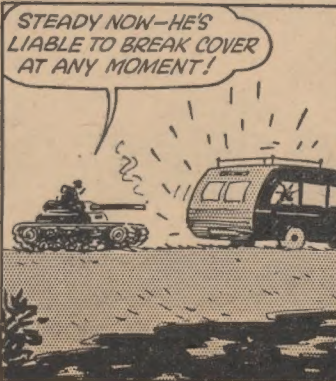
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Stars Come Back

THEY do come back . . .

Hollywood, notoriously absent-minded when it comes to the glamour folk who have helped to carve its colourful history, from time to time remembers to call one of the old guard back into action.

From out of retirement emerges a silent movie personality to reign anew as a talkie favourite. But it's the film industry that must do the bidding. According to an unwritten law, it's not for the player to knock on the studio door for re-admittance. Hollywood regards that as a breach of etiquette and is cool in its reception.

A big-time come-back for a former star is by invitation only.

For proof of this, you have only to examine the list of talented folk from the yesterday who have become lost in to-day's casting files. They just do not get a break beyond a few days' work and maybe a line or two of dialogue to speak. Only a few, by request, are projected from the crowd.

Erich von Stroheim, the "man you love to hate" in such productions as "Foolish Wives" and "Wedding March," enjoyed a spectacular return to Hollywood fame when he portrayed Rommel in Paramount's "Five Graves to Cairo." Other important roles followed this come-back. But it took Hollywood to seek out Von Stroheim, who had been doing well in European pictures and later on the American stage in "Arsenic and Old Lace."

"Hi Diddle Diddle" revealed something of the fiery Pola Negri as silent fans knew her, although there was a lighter touch about her in this subject than in her previous movies.

The Gish sisters, once among the leaders of the silent screen, took to the New York stage years ago. Lillian came back recently as the wife of Richard Dix in "Man of the Family." Dorothy is about to be seen as Mrs. Otis Skinner in Paramount's "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," screen version of the Cornelia Otis Skinner-Emily Kimbrough story.

Alleen Pringle, the Elinor Glyn heroine of "Three Weeks," and other early films, had been devoting herself to writing when Hollywood summoned her to step in front of the camera again.

Few better "return" stories can be found than the one concerning Nils Asther. The Swedish actor left the film city long ago when he was still a star, and now he is back—again as a star. That does not often happen. Paramount has Asther under contract, and he will shortly be seen in the male lead of the Barre Lyndon stage hit, "The Man in Half Moon Street."

Dick Gordon

Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND. All along the Channel Coast the fishermen are looking to their nets again. When the little ports were made into fortresses against invasion the fishing boats were laid up. But now the sails are hoisted once more and the fleets stand out to their familiar fishing grounds. A scene on the foreshore at Hastings.



★ "OH! THOSE GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL EYES."

Lynn Bari seems to be saying "I've got my eye on you," which, after all, is fair enough, for we've certainly got our eye on this lovely 20th Century Fox star.

★



Recognise him? Of course you do. It's Len Harvey, British ex-champion heavyweight, rehearsing while on leave from his R.A.F. duties. Seems fitting that the old champ should have a bull terrier for a pet.



"If I had a donkey and he wouldn't go, do you think I'd wallop him? No! No! No! I'd say, now, now... come, come... dear, dear... tut, tut."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And I'd say 'Giddup,' you lazy moke!"

